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Dr. Griffith John's Jubilee.

The Rev. Griffith John, D.D., the veteran missionary of the London Missionary Society, will, in a few months, complete fifty years of active service in China. The jubilee is being recognized by the raising of a 'Griffith John Jubilee Fund' which will be devoted to the erection of a suitable building for the educational and medical work in connection with his mission. In the course of a letter, dated Dec. 10, in reply to congratulations from an English C.E. Society, Dr. John said:—

Fifty years in China—it has not been quite that, though nearly that, for in all these fifty years I have not been out of China more than about three years.

'It has not been given to many to see so many years of continuous service in China or in any other part of the mission field; neither has it been given to many to see in China changes so great and so many as I have seen. I have been through much of the sowing time, and I am now in the midst of the reaping period. I have had many trials and some sore disappointments, but my faith in the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of God in this land is stronger now than it ever was before.

'It is a great privilege to be permitted to work for God at all; but to be permitted to work for him in China, and for so many years, is an unspeakable privilege. It is a privilege of which I feel myself to be utterly unworthy. "Oh! to Grace how great a debtor." That expresses the deepest feelings of my heart as I look back upon these fifty years. I see nothing but grace, mercy, and loving-kindness everywhere.'

REV. GRIFFITH JOHN, D. D., OF HANKOW, CHINA.

The story of Dr. John's life (says the London 'Christian Globe') is a wonderful record of untiring courage and devotion to the Master's cause in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. Among the Chinese converts Dr. John has many friends whom he loves and who love him; but the difficulty of getting into sympathetic relations with the Chinese is very great. Their ideals, their views concerning honor and duty are so different from ours. Dr. John quotes with reluctant approval the saying of an experienced missionary to a young colleague just arrived from England. 'I advise you,' he said, 'to begin at once to love the Chinese for Christ's sake, for you will find it very difficult to love them for their own sake.' It is a hard saying, but 'East is East and West is West,' and it is difficult for the one even to understand the other. Nevertheless, the power of Christ is capable of overcoming all difficulties, and to-day in China the Christian leaven is slowly working. One of the results of the Russo-Japanese war is likely to be the awakening of China, and the triumph of the progressive party in that wonderful country. If the Japanese victories continue, we may be sure that the group of intelligent and progressive Chinamen will gain the upper hand, and that the prevailing prejudice against Western learning will be overruled. Then it will be found what a great work the Christian missionaries have been doing in China during the years of darkness that have gone by. Dr. John, so long associated with this work, was born on Dec. 14, 1831, at Swansea. When only nine years of age he became a church member at Ebenezer Chapel in his native town. Afterwards he studied at Brecon College and later at Bedford. Fifty years ago he was nominated for the Chinese mission field, and in April, 1855, he was ordained at Ebenezer Chapel, in Swansea. He married, and in the following month sailed for Shanghai, where he arrived on Sept. 24, 1855. Since then he has spent the best part of his life in China.

Dr. John has great faith in the future of China. After half a century of persistent effort he is able to interpret the trend of events better than most Europeans. He admits that so far the missionaries have been able to achieve but small results compared with the vastness of the problem of Christianity in China. Darkness, vast and profound, still covers the land like a pall, with only a glimmer of light here and there. But the seed has been sown, and the harvest, he is convinced, is near at hand. He is a man now well advanced in years, but he hopes to live to see the great awakening. Dr. John is doubtless watching the war in the Far East with the keenest interest. He was one of those who, up to the last moment, hoped that the conflict might be averted. But for many years he has entertained a warm admiration for the Japanese. Writing a few years ago on the question of Christian missions, he said:—It was in 1854 that the first treaty was concluded between Japan and any Western Power. Since then the Land of the Rising Sun has been steadily moving towards the civilization of the West, and becoming more and more assimilated to Christian nations, and this is to be ascribed in a very great measure to the influence of the modern mission. . . .'

But, although Dr. John places due emphasis upon the fact that missionary enterprise is a civilizing agency, he is not slow to point out that the true and abiding motive of foreign missions is to be found elsewhere. Men will not become missionaries for the sake of civilizing the heathen. The real motive is something quite different. Christ's command, Christ's dominion, Christ's presence, Christ's love—these four combined form a mighty motive. It is the motive that should be used to move the churches to greater activity in the cause of missions, and the missionaries to deeper consecration. It is the grand central motive in the missionary enterprise. Other motives come and go; but this abideth for ever. It can never change, it can never grow obsolete. It is permanently operative and all-sufficient. Let the Church of God throughout the world place the emphasis on this motive, and let this motive become a living force in the hearts of Christ's disciples generally, and there will be no lack of either men or means to carry on the enterprise. The silver and the gold will flow in abundance, and the best men in the universities and colleges will devote themselves to the work.

Why Not Called Sooner?

Mrs. Stephana was an aged saint, a real mother in Israel. For three years she had been kept in her bed with rheumatism, and was a great sufferer; but she had borne all her pain and deprivation without a murmur, as a true Shutin will.

There was only one question that disturbed her mind, and this is the way she would sometimes put it to her most intimate frinds:

Why am I kept so long here? Why does not

to boil the kettle and get some fresh vigor for the last pull. Have you ever, gentle reader, boiled the kettle 'on ten feet of snow? If not, the Lord take me home? I am ready and anxious to go—just waiting for him to call me. Still he does not call. Here I must lie and suffer, and yet I can be of no more use in the world. I won't complain; the Lord doeth all things well; but I simply cannot understand it.

It is all for the best, mother, one of her pious neighbors would reply. You'll understand it some day.

'Yes, it is all for the best, all for the best.'

Yet the query troubled her a little. But the mystery was made clear sometime afterward, and this is the way it happened.

One morning Mr. Freedmore—who was Mrs. Stephan's pastor—was sitting in his study and brooding over the unsatisfactory condition of his church. Mr. Freedmore, it must be said, was disheartened. There was some matters in his parish that were not just as they should have been, and he naturally was a little disposed to look on the dark side; and when he did that, he was apt to complain somewhat and even scold in his pulpit, as some of his members expressed it.

Everybody knows that scolding is the worst thing a minister can do. It is proper at times to rebuke sin in a firm and manly way, but whining and complaining will gradually alienate a pastor's staunchest friends. Well, Mr. Freedmore had been doing some of this scolding in his last three or four sermons, and while he felt dimly that it was only making matters worse, the depressed state of his feelings seemed to make it impossible for him to change his tone. What he needed was a spiritual tonic.

From what source was it to be supplied? Providence always has a way for the escape of the honest man from the toils of temptation.

After Mr. Freedmore had been thinking for a while, he rose and walked to his library shelves to select a book. Perhaps he could find some relief in reading. A volume on comfort for the aged and infirm suggested a new train of thought.

Yes, I had better call on Mrs. Stephans, he said to himself. It has been a long time since I have called on her, and I learned yesterday that she is very ill.

A half hour later he was knocking at the old lady's door. She greeted him cordially, and did not chide him for neglecting her. After a few words had been exchanged, she turned the conversation to her happy spiritual state.

I do not know, Brother Freedmore, why I am kept here so long, she said; but I am sure it is for some good and useful purpose. My will is not as wise as God's will. You remember what Paul says: All things work together for good to them that love God. I know that is true, and am content. Never have I been so happy and resigned as I have been since I have been lying on this sick bed. Jesus has been constantly present with me, as he promised to be with his disciples.

As her talk flowed on her visitor looked at her with glowing eyes, which presently became dim with tears. This suffering saint was teaching him the very lesson in patience and cheerfulness that he needed.

With all my blessings of health and every comfort, I have been discontented, while this mother in Israel has been happy in the midst of the keenest pain and rarest deprivation, he was thinking to himself, as he listened to her cheering speech.

After a brief prayer he rose to go.

Thank you for your cheering and comforting visit, said Mrs. Stephans as she gave him her thin hand.

It is I who should thank you, he replied. You have been my teacher to-day. I have received more benefit than you from this call. Good-by. I shall call again very soon.

A few days later one of Mrs. Stephans' friends came in to see her.

You should have been at church yesterday, grandma, she chirped. Our pastor, Mr. Freedmore, preached a wonderful sermon. It was so cheering and helpful. You know he's been a little despondent of late and has done too much complaining; but yesterday he changed his tone altogether. And, grandma, you can't guess what it was that brought about this very happy change,

No, I can't guess, she replied, but the Lord must have put a brighter spirit into his mind in his own good way, I'm sure.

It was his visit to you the other day that helped him so much, declared the friend. This is what he said at the opening of his sermon. I have listened to some powerful sermons in my life; but none of them has ever affected me so strongly as the one preached by Mother Stephans a few days ago when I made her a pastoral call. She has been sorely afflicted for years, as you know, but she was so patient and resigned and happy that my own gloom was put to shame. If she can be glad and cheerful under such circumstances, all of us can be glad and cheerful. God forgive me for ever giving up to my feelings of dejection.

Then he dropped his voice low, and the congregation was so still that you could have heard a pin drop, when he said: I truly believe that God has been sparing Mother Stephans' life that she might preach me the very sermon I most needed before she went to her reward. Hereafter I am going to cheer and help you, my dear people, and I shall refrain from all murmuring and complaint.

Then you should have heard him preach, grandma. Why, I never heard any thing so heartening in my life. It made one feel that it was worth while to be a Christian; that there was everything to encourage one to serve Christ, whose reward is always with him.

The tears rose in Mother Stephans' faded eyes, and they were tears of joy and thanksgiving.

I am so happy, she whispered. Now I understand why I haven't been called home sooner. God has had some work for me to do. That is the explanation. His ways are always best. All things—yes, all things—work together for good to them that love God.

Only two days later Mother Stephans' call came. She was bidden to come up higher, and she went in triumph.

But the effect of her sermon on patience in suffering will never die. The Rev. Mr. Freedmore kept his pledge to cheer rather than to castigate and it was the beginning of a career of great usefulness for him, and of great prosperity for his church. He has often said of the sainted old lady:

'She, being dead, yet speaketh.'

—'Presbyterian.'

Acknowledgments.

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Mission Work in the Downs.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Sometimes in stormy weather three hundred or four hundred vessels, most of which are English, are anchored in the Downs. The crews are found in loneliness and leisure, and their hearts are prepared for a kindly word by the sense of the coming voyage, and by the thought of their departure from the dear old land.

To reach the vessels, which lie from one to three miles distant from the land, the* Mission boat is launched. The tide runs hard, and often a strong wind is blowing, and a passing squall blows the crests of the waves into smoke.

The crew of the Mission boat consist of the chaplain, who steers; the coxswain, who has been for twenty-four years in the Mission boat; and the bowman, who makes his boat-hook fast on many a stormy day to the lofty sides and chains of many a vessel.

The crew of the Mission boat usually assemble for prayer before the launch, and, having commended their work and themselves to God, put on oilskins and sou'westers. The boat lies in front near the capstan, by which she is daily heaved up a distance of fifty or sixty yards when she returns from sea. Twenty willing pairs of hands stand by to rush the good boat into the water; the long-expected 'smooth' comes, and she is soon floated.

A regular church service, with the decent formalities usual on board ship, is not always possible in the Downs. Setting up the rigging, trimming a shifted cargo, bending a new topsail, getting an anchor and chain on board, are sometimes imperative calls; and a formal gathering of the crew is therefore impossible on such occasions. But even then much can be done with the watch below or with all hands at dinner hour.

Hymns are sung in the forecastle. The temperance pledge book is brought out and signed, the opportunity of signing being often welcomed by some weak and despairing slave as a heaven-sent chance of a new and better life. Many a time, after such a scene, has the whole forecastle 'crowd' joined in prayer to God, and in blessing the messenger of his mercy. Many chances are also thus afforded of saying a word to individuals, which sinks deeper than anything that can be said in a meeting.

We were once on board the 'Kedron,' a north-country barque, homeward bound after a voyage of two years and three months' duration. She had been trading in the East Indies, and was bound to Riga with a cargo of damaged cocoanuts, if that port were free from ice. We had a gathering on deck—not a formal service—and solemn words were said. A hymn was sung, 'I need Thee, precious Jesus.'

Much interest was shown by all on board—indeed, it was with difficulty we avoided accepting presents from the mate as we got over the side; and to this day a keen remembrance of the manly cordiality and gratitude of the crew lives in our memory. The mate and the steward impressed us as godly men who knew and loved the Saviour. The recollection had a new interest when in the 'Standard' of a later date we read the mournful telegram: 'The British barque 'Kedron' has gone on shore at Dome Ness, off Riga. All hands were lost.'

The Bible is sold in twenty-one languages. The sales are, as might be expected, most frequent on board English vessels, and almost invariably lead to interesting conversation, and very often to a service at which all hands muster. Many copies are also sold on board foreign vessels, Russians purchase, and, of course, Germans and Norwegians. Recently an Italian Bible was sold to an Italian captain, who then first in his lifetime opened a Bible. On board the same ship the chaplain read the story of the Philippian jailer to a Greek sailor in his own tongue; the man then heard it for the first time, and for him the same Italian captain purchased a Greek Testament.

* The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, of which the Labrador Mission is a branch.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Told at Sea.

(The 'Boy's Own Paper.')

But five of us left, only five
Of the crew of the 'Jessica' left alive;
All the rest had been washed away
By the sea that broke over us where we lay
Drenched with sleet and numbed with cold.
One by one they had lost their hold;
Out of the rigging, one by one,
They had dropped in silence or with a groan,
Till at break of day there were only five
Of the crew of the 'Jessica' left alive.

There was the mate, and William Lee,
And Morris, and Harry Maclean, and me.
Hour by hour we clung to the mast,
Doubting each minute would be our last;
Wondering which would be first to go,
And if ever our folks at home would know,
Or if, as the days and weeks went by,
They would think of us still when the wind
was high,
And watch for us still, and look some day
To see the 'Jessica' in the bay.

And the cold crept higher in every limb,
And our hands grew stiff and our eyes grew
dim,
And I thought of heaven and tried to pray,
But never a word could I find to say,
For the frost was creeping to heart and brain,
And we none of us thought to see land again—
We almost wished for the end at last,
And still there were five of us on the mast.

Suddenly Morris raised his head;
He had been so quiet I thought him dead.
(He and the mate were close by me.)
'Didn't you hear it, lad?' said he.
'Didn't you hear it? Listen again.'
But I could hear only the splashing rain,
And the shrill wind tearing the shrouds o'erhead.
'They are hailing us—listen again!' he said.
And, sure enough, I could hear it then,
A man's voice hailing us shipwrecked men.

It was only a cockle-shell of a bot;
How they had managed to keep her afloat
On that stormy sea I couldn't say.
Close alongside of us they lay,
And we stared at them wondering, without a
word,
Till the mate cried, suddenly, 'Praise the Lord,
We are saved at last!' But he spoke too fast,
For, you see, there were five of us on the mast,
And only room in the boat for four!
'We'll risk that, mates, but we can't do more;
For certain,' said they, 'If we take all five,
We shall none of us reach the land alive.'

We looked at each other and no one spoke,
And a desperate longing for life awoke,
And set the blood stirring in every vein.
They were right enough, we could see it plain,
But I thought of my children and of my wife,
And that terrible hunger and thirst for life
Choked me, so that I could not say,
'Save the others and I will stay.'

So we looked at each other in fear and doubt,
Till presently William Lee spoke out:
'Cheer up, lads.' I heard him say,
'Four are to go and but one to stay.
You go on board, and don't mind me;
I'll stick to the vessel,' said William Lee.

It didn't seem right, but what could we do?
Three of us had wives and children too;
Lee's wife lay under a churchyard stone,
And he'd no one belonging to him, save one,
A little lad with a curly head.
'I know you'll be good to my boy,' he said;
That was the last we heard him say,
As we got on board her and rowed away.
We don't talk of him often, my mates and me,
But we haven't forgotten William Lee.

'With Komatik in Labrador.'

In a letter written to the 'Toilers of the Deep,' from Roddickton Mill, during a winter season, Dr. Grenfell has given some most interesting glimpses of travel with komatik or dog sled:—

We are all enjoying this more than subarctic winter immensely, and rude health accompanies us in all our travels, and I see in my young English friend, who is wintering with me, those signs of blessing imparted by the outdoor life and the perfect, bracing, germless atmosphere. There are places here, where a good sanatorium, nestling among these coniferous forests, would confer, I am certain, infinite blessing on many invalids. For having spent several winter holidays in the high Alps of Switzerland, I feel convinced our climate could confer equal benefits, if care was only taken to provide necessities and adapt the opportunities for recreation by proper outlay in preparation.

There were not many sick, I am glad to say, on my first trip to the north—one operation to be performed was only enough to lend sufficient professional interest to the trip to enable a physician to feel that if he saves one here or there suffering and danger that there is no one else to relieve, his mind may be easy that amidst the 'serving of other tables,' his time is not altogether being thrown away. On these trips I have been vastly helped by various, but to civilized-country people's minds, rather odd, circumstances. Some 50 barrels of whale meat have been my chief aid. For a team of a dozen powerful dogs, well fortified with fat whale meat, is like good Scotch coal to the 'Strathcona's' engines—just as much motive power. The next main help has been the magnificent order of tabloid preparations and 'condensed' (so to speak) dressing and surgical appliances sent me. It is only when you are called on to dispense by a komatik, at a temperature of 10 deg. below zero, that you can appreciate the value of rapidity, and the beauty of a box of tabloids of a combination of drugs embodying just exactly the therapeutical actions you wish for.

Another fact in our favor is the abundance of rabbits. Until now I thought this insignificant rodent was only likely to intrude on domestic economy by being a nuisance—as he proved himself in Australia—and indeed here the fur trappers are crying out, because the foxes won't come to their bait. But to us it has meant a good fresh meat stew in more than one tilt, and has even meant fresh light to the eyes of our supperless dogs, when they have been far from the centre of supplies. A great relief also to the mill is the quantity of venison killed in the bay. Few logger families but have added a deer to their larder, and only yesterday, having driven over to see a poor fellow with an abscess in his head in the backwoods of the bay, have chanced on a fry of fine venison for dinner. This has allowed the mill manager to husband his salt beef and pork, and to look with less apprehension to the months before supplies can be received. Our game being over, and our journey to the north having cleared up, as far as we knew, the sick that we could much benefit, having held our Christmas-tree gatherings at six places, and having left directions for all chronic cases around hospital, on the 20th we started for the south, on our first long trip, leaving the care of the night school class and the club and football teams with John Currie, and despatching him also to Kirpon to hunt for a cook and servant to enable us to get into hospital to live, by our return. It was really cold going to Lock's Cove, and our heavy packs, about 450 lbs., besides ourselves, made it colder over the white hills than we cared about—one had to carefully look after one's nose and ears. Still we managed to put an hour after rabbits when the sun was high, and reach our host's house, Mr. Elliott, of Lock's Cove, before dark. Here we had left 'rations' from the 'Strathcona,' and owing to Mr. George Reid's kindness, got also a free feed for our dogs of herring and cod oil—not very enticing, perhaps, but full of caloric properties and thoroughly appreciated by our fourfooted friends.

I should remark here that, beside my own team, my friend's team (Mr. Brown), consisted of twelve dogs, also under tutelage of one Will Reardon, of Goose Cove—my own being under the regular hospital driver, Rube Sims—than whom no man knows the country better, and no man can handle a heavily-loaded komatik on a dangerous road, or among trees, better. Before night we saw our sick folk, had a gathering for prayers, as our custom is, and still had time to profit from some books belonging to one of our loan libraries. These are becoming more and more valuable, as slowly, though in some places very slowly, people are learning to love reading and want to borrow them.

We saw here an agile lad of some thirteen years, from whom Dr. Simpson last winter removed the shaft of the tibia. His leg is perfectly recovered, and truly in this one case the lame was made to walk, and a bright, happy, active life lies before this jolly boy, instead of the wretched weariness of a cripple's life, on a coast where lameness or one leg means absolute dependence on others. The girl also from here, whose hip joint was removed by Dr. Macpherson for hip disease (tubercular), was married this Christmas at St. Anthony, and a deputation of us drove over to her wedding—a more than usually happy consummation of this dread disease, inasmuch as she had seen her father unable to rise from bed, slowly dying, for three years, of the same complaint. The great bay was an exquisite sight as we turned in at night. Smooth ice covered it right across, and we were told, 'It is safe, doctor, to drive out of the harbor tickle, and straight across the bay.' So we dreamt of arriving in about two hours at our next halting-place at a good stretch gallop.

Alas for the slip betwixt cup and lip. A strong wind in the night bore in a heavy sea, and we could see 'lakes' of open water in the ice at daylight next morning, besides the fact that all along the shore the surf had broken through, so that we could not get on the main sheet to try a run for it, even if we dare. 'Round the ballicaters, sir, we shall have to go,' said Rube, as he came in to share a steaming bowl of crushed oats for breakfast, 'and we'd better be off soon, sir, or we shan't be in by dark.' So once again we got under way, and soon were enjoying the excitement of a dog drive. At last we found the broken ice near the shore in sheets large enough to carry us, and though we greatly feared we should make no landing on the other side, we ventured off, and soon were realizing the dream of going over young ice unclogged by old falls of snow. Effecting a landing meant saving of many miles, and it was an exciting moment, when at last 'we made the land,' with a smart dash over the heaving masses near the landwash. When at last we had topped the high marshes and broken the back of the journey, we ventured to call a halt

you must know the first thing is to find a sheltered spot, then a dry tree, then chop a base of billets for your fire, and then get your blaze. Of course, all the time you must keep on your snow rackets. Then you must chop a hole through the pond ice, and get some water, and must be very careful you do not touch the wet kettle, or your finger will stick to it instantly. This you must remember also, if you use a fork, for it will stick to your tongue in a second and burn you nastily. A long pole driven into the snow supports the kettle hanging over the fire, and then, stamping the snow down, you may make a seat of your rakets, and so long as you can 'bide warm,' you may make your humble meal with gratitude. We ventured on a new experiment here—boiling a can of 'pork and beans'—and were eminently satisfied with our success.

(To be continued.)

Pluck.

(Frank E. Loring, in the 'Examiner.')

Pluck was the son of a poor Bulgarian shepperd—not an American boy as one would imagine from his name. I called him Pluck because it was so characteristic of the boy, and because I could not recall the Bulgarian name Dr. Hamlin gave him. A little hut in Bulgaria made of mud and stones was Pluck's home; and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheep-skins, made up with the wool outside. Just imagine how funny a flock of two-legged sheep would look. Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study. And when he heard of Robert College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. So he told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said:

'You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piastre.'

'I don't want a piastre,' Pluck replied; 'but I do want to go to college.'

'Besides,' the shepherd continued, 'you can't go to college in sheep-skins.'

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheep-skins and without a piastre. It was a weary march of a hundred and fifty miles to Constantinople, but the boy was willing to do anything for an education. He found kind friends all along the way, who gave him food and shelter at night. So Pluck trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. As he was not one to let the grass grow under his feet he soon found his way to the college, went into the kitchen and inquired for the President.

Pluck asked for work; but the President kindly told him there was none, and that he must go away. 'Oh, no,' Pluck said, 'I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away.' When the President insisted, Pluck's answer was the same: 'I didn't come here to go away.'

He had no idea of giving up. 'The King of France, with forty thousand men went up a hill, and so came down again'; but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again. And three hours later the President saw him in the yard patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. 'He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows.' The Professor, like the President, said there was no work for him and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text: 'I didn't come here to go away.'

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the Professor so much that he urged the President to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

The President thought he would soon get tired of such hard work. But a boy who had walked a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheep-skins and without a piastre, would not be easily discouraged.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of 'weakening,' the President went to him and said: 'My boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you.'

'Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied,' Pluck replied. 'It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away.'

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay.

After he gained his point he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a syndicate of six. That was good old Dr. Hamlin's way, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week. It was a success on both sides, the boys were patient and kind, and Pluck was as painstaking and persevering in his lessons as in other things, so that he made great progress.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

'Do you expect,' asked the President, 'to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And,' he continued, 'you can't go into class in sheep-skins, all the boys would cry "baa."'

'Yes, sir, I know,' Pluck said; 'but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a trousers, and so on.'

Nothing could keep back a boy like that, who overcame all the obstacles in his way.

After the examination the President said to Professor Long:

'Can that boy get into that class?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'But that class can't get into that boy.'

It was not all plain sailing yet. Although Pluck had passed the examination he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year. That was a question in mathematics that puzzled the good President.

'I wish' said Professor Long, 'that the college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there, and it would give me much more time for other things.'

Pluck became the Professor's assistant, and was perfectly delighted with his good fortune. But where was the other hundred dollars coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-President of Robert College, who was in America. The Doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said:

'I would like to give the other hundred.'

And that's the way Pluck gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that 'where there is a will there is a way.' But his way was so hedged in that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course such a boy would succeed. Pluck became the headmaster of one of the schools in his own country.

How Bruin Went A-coasting

A bear was once rather unexpectedly treated to a coast on a hand sled. The account of his adventure was given in the 'Public Ledger' as follows:

There were five brothers of us, and we lived in a house in Vermont at the top of a long and steep hill. Father built us a stout sled to coast on it in the winter, and the five of us used to get on and go whizzing down the hill and away across a meadow. When there was plenty of snow the sled would run for half a mile.

One afternoon, after we had been coasting for three or four hours, we left the sled at the top of the hill without making it fast. That night, about ten o'clock, a bear came prowling round the house and our dog made such a fuss that we all were aroused. There was a bright moon, and we looked from the windows to see what had disturbed the dog. Almost at once we made out a bear. He was walking round the sled, as if wondering what it was used for. Pretty soon he stopped and put his paw on it. Then he put up the other paw. Then what did he do but pull himself up and stand and look about.

The sled was pointed down the hill, and the movement of the bear started it off. We thought he would jump off, but he didn't. He dug in his claws, and the sled began to go on faster and faster. We became so excited that we gave Bruin a cheer. When the steepest part of the hill was reached the bear seemed to get scared. Never before had he gone on a pace like that. Had he kept still the sled would have gone straight ahead, but he swayed to and fro, and suddenly the sled left the track and ran over the hard snow and struck a stone wall with a great crash.

That was as far as the sled went, as it was badly broken up, but the bear kept on. When the sled struck the stones he went flying ten feet high, and next day we found that he came down ten feet beyond the wall, and then rolled down hill for one hundred feet before he could stop himself.

He must have been badly frightened, for as soon as he could get on his legs he ran for the woods and was heard of no more. He was probably the only bear in America that ever coasted on a hand sled, but one trip was enough for him.

A Thousand Miles an Hour

Sitting quietly at my desk this calm evening, the wind hushed outside, and the sound of conversation unheard in the house, how can I believe that in spite of all this silence I am not at rest? Is it true, as I have heard it told it is, that while I sit in my armchair, I am at the same time travelling more swiftly than the swiftest railway trains were ever driven, or the swiftest bird can fly? If so, then in what carriage am I drawn, and where is the steed that draws it? You and I are travelling more rapidly than the swiftest antelope can run. The world itself is our carriage, and the power which drives it is the force which the Supreme being, who made the world and us, has brought to bear upon it.

Look at the sun in the early morning. It is seen in the eastern sky, just rising over the hills or the tree-tops. Higher and higher it climbs until noon; and then lower and lower it sinks, until it goes out of sight beyond the western hills. Men once thought that the sun did thus travel every day from east to west. We are not to trust the appearance; it tells us false. It is not the motion of the sun over our heads; it is the motion of the earth itself, which makes the sun appear to rise

in the east. Every day the earth turns round, and carries us and all its other burdens of hills and forests, and rocks, and seas, with it. Just as, riding swiftly in a railway carriage, we sometimes for the moment think the trees and houses, rocks and fences, to be hurrying past us in an opposite direction; so the world, carrying us swiftly onward from west to east, has made it appear that the sun and moon and stars were travelling from east to west.

But who can tell how fast the earth is moving on its axis? Why, any boy or girl who has studied arithmetic can tell. For the earth is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and turns once round in exactly twenty-four hours. Now, divide twenty-five thousand by twenty-four, and I find it to be a little more than one thousand. So while you and I are sitting by our evening lamps, quietly reading or writing, we are being whirled along our journey, never stopping, and at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour.—The 'Christian Globe.'

Spring Time Every Week.

(The Rev. James Learmount, in 'Examiner.')

You have all heard the old rhyme:

'A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is the certain forerunner of sorrow.'

But I wonder how many of you have ever given it a serious thought. There is truth in that old verse. The physical value of the Sabbath when it is spent in rest and worship cannot be over-estimated. The Sabbath was not given us for purposes of selfish pleasure or selfish work. 'The poorest nations in the world financially, physically, mentally, politically, are those that work and play seven days in the week.'

'In giving us the Sabbath,' said Coleridge, 'I feel as if God had given us fifty-two springs in every year.' And that is simply the truth beautifully stated. The Sabbath is like a springtime every week to body and soul. And it will be a very sad day for our country when we give the Sabbath up to pleasure or to labor. The Sabbath was made for man. Remember that. It was made by God that we might all live longer and better. God made man and God made the Sabbath for the man he made. God made man in such a way that he is only fitted to work six days out of the seven, and if he works every day man is bound to suffer. That is also true of all working animals.

I have read that when the Californian gold fever broke out in 1849, those crossing the plains who rested on Sundays arrived first at their destination, while great numbers of the oxen of those who did not take their weekly rest died from fatigue, and they were left utterly helpless until the Sabbath-keeping toilers took pity upon them and returned to their help.

The London costers told the late Lord Shaftesbury that their donkeys, if worked for six days only, could travel thirty miles a day with their loads, while those worked seven days could not travel more than fifteen miles a day.

At a tavern in Pennsylvania, a man who had arrived the evening before was asked one Sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered 'No.' 'Why not?' he was asked. 'Because,' said he, 'I am on a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horseback, and have found that if I stop on the Sabbath my horse will travel further during the week than if I do not.'

Are not these facts very striking evidence in favor of God's command to 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy'?

A gentleman who was passing some mines observed a great number of mules in a field. He asked a little boy why there were so many mules there. 'These mules are worked in the mines through the week,' replied the boy, 'and they are brought up into the light on Sundays to keep them from going blind.'

And Sunday answers this same purpose with men. A blind, dead, tired body, and a blind, starved soul, is the result of Sundays ill-spent.

Make up your minds in early life that all God's commands are given for our good. God never gives a command that will not help us when it is obeyed. And this command as to the Sabbath is no exception. The late Earl Cairns made God's will the ruling principle of his life. At the beginning of his career a famous barrister offered him an important brief. Cairns found that to do the case justice he must study it on Sunday. He returned the brief, saying, 'Six days in the week I am your man; on the seventh day I am God's man only.' Mr. Cairns from that time went steadily forward and rose to the highest rank in his profession. The one thing we need never be afraid of doing is to obey God.

See to it, boys, and girls, that you spend your Sabbaths with Jesus. They will then lift up and give tone and quality to all the other days. And living thus gradually the Sabbath will overshadow the whole week and every day and all life will be made beautiful.

'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.'

'Mamma,' said a little boy to his mother, who had been talking about keeping the Sabbath holy, 'I don't think Philip Armstrong, the boy next door, is very good. I heard him playing at soldiers this morning, and afterwards I saw him playing at reins with his sister. I'm glad I don't do that. I'm glad I don't break the Commandments.'

'You have just broken one, Jack,' was his mother's reply.

'Which, mamma?' The little fellow was puzzled. But his mother at once, and very kindly, explained to him that talking against others and thinking oneself better than others was profaning the Sabbath.

The boy never forgot that lesson. And I hope you won't. All you say and do—even if you play on Sundays—may be an imitation of the sweet spirit of Jesus.

Here is a sweet little girl. Her name is Hilda. When she comes downstairs on a Sunday morning she usually has a more winsome smile than on other days, her face looks far sweeter, and her voice is always softer and kinder.

'I wonder how it is, mother,' said Hilda's father one day, 'that our Hilda is always so much happier on Sundays than on weekdays?'

Then Hilda, who was perched on father's knee, answered the question herself: 'You see, father, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can.'

'Bless you, dear,' said the father tenderly, 'it's right for you to do so, and for everybody else to do likewise.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

'A Very Little Fault.'

(Mrs. Cutler, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

(Concluded.)

Three minutes after his outburst Frank would have given anything to be able to recall his words. He had made matters very much worse, he knew. Now his father would punish him, too, he supposed. Everything was against him to-day. It didn't matter what he did, evidently, and he didn't care. With this thought in his mind he left the house. He would go for a walk before schooltime, he decided. But on the outskirts of the town he was accosted by three of his school-mates who, armed with baskets and long sticks, were evidently on a blackberrying expedition.

'Why, here's Frank,' cried Wilson, who was one of Frank's friends. 'We're off after blackberries; they say there's loads down Westwood way. Come with us, old chap, will you? You could ask at home,' the speaker went on persuasively, as Frank hesitated. 'It wouldn't take more than ten minutes to go, and we'd wait for you. They wouldn't mind for once, would they?'

Frank considered. There was something very attractive about the proposal, not that he was very fond or anxious for blackberries, but anything which would postpone that meeting with Mr. Jones would be welcome. But to ask for permission after what had happened was clearly impossible.

A sudden thought came to Frank, a thought which startled him with its boldness, and yet was very alluring. Dare he do it? And what would be the consequence if he did? But he was already in trouble, and how much difference would it make? Besides, there was that hateful apology—— 'All right,' he said aloud, 'I'll come, if you like. There's no need to keep you waiting while I go home. I daresay it won't matter—much.' The last word was uttered under his breath as he began to realize what he was doing. But it was done now, he told himself, and he could not draw back.

Many times during the afternoon, however, did he wish that he had drawn back. No sooner was schooltime passed, than the full force of what he had done burst upon him. How he wished now he could undo it! His companions wondered at his fits of silence, which followed so quickly on outbursts of noisy merriment.

A good afternoon's work resulted in well-filled baskets, and the expedition was considered, by all but one, as a decided success. Soon after four o'clock, Wilson announced that it was time to start for home, and Frank, feeling a strong desire to go in the opposite direction, went with them. When he had parted from his friends he hesitated, but a moment's thought convinced him that he must go on. Delay would only make matters worse. The children would be home by now, his father must already know he had not been to school. He had better go and get it over.

But in the house a surprise awaited him. No children were to be seen. Tea was laid, but, as Frank noticed at once, only for three persons. His mother was knitting by the window, but she said nothing beyond asking Frank to pick up her wool which the cat had conveyed to the other end of the room. Mr. Mansford came in almost immediately, and they sat down to tea. Frank longed to know where Dick and the girls were, but something kept him silent. Once during tea he caught his father's eyes fixed upon him, and though he dropped his own quickly, he was much puzzled by what he had seen, for his father's look

betokened far less of anger than of amusement. Tea was over at last and his father gone, but still his mother said nothing. He could stand the mystery no longer.

'Where are Dick and the girls, mother?' he asked in a constrained voice.

Mrs. Mansford turned and looked at the questioner.

'Your uncle drove over this afternoon to fetch you all,' she said calmly. 'It appears that Mrs. Leslie is required at home, and as Lionel is so much better she has decided to go at once. But your aunt was unwilling to give up the party, which you know was to take place before Lionel went, so she decided to have it to-day. She was sorry not to give us longer notice, but thought, under the circumstances, we should not mind. So your father went round to the school, and Mr. Adams was kind enough to let the children leave earlier, as your uncle could not wait.'

Frank stood rooted to the spot in blank amazement. This was what it meant, then, this air of mystery about the house. He had lost the pleasure he had been anticipating for weeks. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as a visit to his uncle's, and now he must stay at home. Then, too, he would not be able to say 'good-bye' to Lionel, and Lionel and he had made up their minds to be friends for life. Worst of all—and this was a horrible thought—his uncle must know he had played truant.

For the second time that day Frank rushed out of the house feeling that he must get away somewhere. Poor boy; he was wild with disappointment, and though he knew very well that he had brought his trouble on himself, he was angry with every one. He did not care now, he told himself, he would do what he liked. He would go—and a gleam of defiant satisfaction appeared in his face at the thought—yes, he would go and spend the evening with Ned Barlow.

Now Ned Barlow was one of Frank's classmates with whom he had at one time been rather intimate. But certain facts respecting Ned's conduct and the nature of his home having come to Mr. Mansford's ears, he had warned the boys against a greater intimacy than their school-life made necessary, and had expressly forbidden any more visits to the house. It was the remembrance of this order in his present mood which caused Frank's decision.

Ned was very pleased to see his visitor, and did his best to entertain him, showing him his rabbits and other pets, and Frank tried at first to think he was spending a pleasant time. But as the evening wore on and his excitement died away, other and better feelings took possession of him. The thought of his deliberate disobedience made him miserable, and when at last he had said 'good-night' to Ned, and was once more alone, he experienced a strong sense of relief.

He went up to bed as soon as he got home, hoping to forget his trouble in sleep. But without Dick, and with only his own accusing thoughts for his companions, his misery increased, and sleep was impossible. Suddenly there came a new thought. Why did not his mother come to say 'good-night,' and to tuck him up comfortably as she usually did? Was it because of what had happened? Yes, that was it. He had behaved so badly that she would not even come to say 'good-night.' All the trouble of the day was as nothing compared with the feelings which possessed him now. His brother and sisters were away enjoying themselves without him, and his father and mother were so grieved at his conduct that they would have nothing to do with him. He was shut out of every thing. How lonely it was!

He sat up in bed at length and considered the matter. Something he must do, for he could bear this no longer. Ah, he knew what he would do, and slipping from the bed, he dressed himself quickly, and went downstairs. His father and mother turned in surprise as he entered the room, and Mr. Mansford laid down the book he was reading. Now Frank had made up his mind exactly what he would say, but somehow, now that the opportunity had come, everything had slipped away.

'What is it, my boy?' his father asked kindly, as his mother gently drew him to her side.

'I—I couldn't go to sleep, mother,' Frank commenced, with utter disregard of his prepared speech, 'because—you are angry with me—and I—I deserve it.' Then, as their faces encouraged him to go on, he continued more calmly; 'But I'm awfully sorry for—for everything. I don't mean I don't want you to punish me, for I expect you'll have to do that when you know all about it, but,' here the voice dropped; 'I can't bear—for you—to be angry with me.'

'Suppose you tell us all about it,' suggested Mr. Mansford, and in a low voice and with a flush of shame on his face, Frank gave an account of the day.

'Well, my boy,' commenced his father as the story finished, 'you've certainly had a very uncomfortable time of it. I heard from Mr. Adams what happened in school this morning. I will not say that I was not surprised, for he tells me it is the first time you have been in disgrace at school, and certainly for you to play truant seems an unheard-of thing. I am sorry you went to Ned Barlow's, for that was a deliberate piece of disobedience, but I think I can understand your feelings. As regards punishing you, that is quite unnecessary after the way you have punished yourself, my boy. I have thought several times lately, my dear Frank, that you needed a lesson. Your mother and I were very sorry for your disappointment, but don't you think this can all be traced to one thing?'

'Yes, I know,' said Frank quickly, 'if I'd got up when I was called this morning I don't think it would have happened. I thought mother made an awful fuss,' and here he smiled at his mother, 'about my laziness, but I see now she didn't. It was that that led to everything else, and I thought it was such a little fault. I was proud because Mr. Adams spoke well of me—I don't supose he'll do that any more—and I said I didn't play truant, and now I'm as bad as Tomkins, every bit. And I thought I didn't fly into passions or disobey you, and I've done both. I haven't kept my promise, have I, mother? but I really meant to.'

'I know you meant it, my boy,' was his mother's answer, 'but I thought then you were making a mistake. You have been trying in your own strength, Frank, and you have failed. Try in God's strength in the future, and in the end you must conquer.'

'I will try,' mother,' and though the words were few, there was a look in Frank's face which showed that he meant what he said.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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Misplaced Pronouns.

A contributor to an education magazine says very truly in his grammatical p's and q's the little words 'he' and 'him,' 'I,' and 'me,' are apt to give trouble.

'Between you and I;' 'it was not me;' 'they told we girls of it;' these expressions are all wrong, yet we often hear them, and among cultivated people, too. Not long since the writer was conversing with a school patron, a lady, when her little daughter entered the room. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried, 'Mrs. B—— wants us girls to go with her to the picnic to-morrow; may we go?'

'I will see about it, my dear,' replied the mother, 'but you shouldn't say "us girls"; say "we girls." I am afraid Mr. M—— will think we are careless about our grammar.'

Now, the little girl's use of 'us girls' was all right, and we couldn't refrain from saying as much to her mamma. 'Why, I thought "us girls" and "us boys" were always wrong?' exclaimed the lady, and we fear that our explanation left her only half convinced that the expressions in question might be right. The misuse of the pronouns I, he, she, me, her, us, we, etc., nearly always occur when they are used in pairs or else in nouns.

Thus, people will say: 'He came with John and I,' or 'with he and I,' when they would never think of saying: 'He came with I' or 'he came with he.' Without entering into the grammatical rules and limitations governing these words, we will suggest a pretty good way to settle the choice of the proper nouns without appealing to the laws of grammar.

Use the pronoun in question, then there is no trouble in knowing which word to use. Suppose this example is in doubt: 'Did you see John and I at the fair?' Is it 'John and I' or 'John and me?' Leave out John: 'Did you see I at the fair?' 'Oh, no,' you say at once, 'that is wrong, it should be, 'Did you see me?' Very well; then it should be 'me' when you include John. This rule never fails in this class of cases.

But many fairly well educated people habitually use the wrong pronoun after 'is,' 'was,' 'were,' and other parts of the verb 'be.' The rule given above does not apply here, as the error is made when the pronoun is used alone. The only thing to be done is to remember that the pronouns I, he, she, we, they and who should be used after these verbs, and that me, him, her, us, them, and whom should not be so used.

Can You Match This?

The shortest intelligible sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet is, we believe, 'J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills.'—Exchange.

The Monkey Wild.

When we see the monkey with the organ grinder or watch several in a menagerie, we seldom realize just what it would be to meet a number of these creatures in the woods, or to see them around us free and in a wild state. The following experience of a British soldier in the Transvaal is entertaining:

'I have to go to the top of a big hill every day to a blockhouse to see if the monkeys have not run away with it. I carry a big stick up there with me, as some of them are as big as I. These big monkeys, also, have learned to throw stones at the tin huts, so that they are unpleasant neighbors, especially at night. We had a lively time last night. We had just got off to sleep when the monkeys came off the hill and stoned our hut. Of course, being tin, we thought the Boers were upon us, so we turned out with our rifles and fired and killed one of them before we could see properly what it was. They killed our watch dog, so we may get another visit to-night.—Exchange.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Queer, But Still Our Brothers.

It would be hard to find, I am sure, a single boy or girl who would like to change places with a little Eskimo, and yet the boys and girls in the Eskimo huts enjoy themselves very much after their own fashion.

They live in houses very different from ours. In summer these are tents made of walrus hide. Did you ever see a walrus? You have seen pictures of one, surely. If not, watch out for one in every picture book or paper you get and you will surely see one before long.

ESKIMO ON BOARD THE MISSION SCHOONER.

The walrus is a great friend of the Eskimo. You wouldn't think so if you saw the Eskimo spearing everyone they can get near, but when you think that the walrus supplies the skin for summer houses, for all sorts of other purposes, even for covering their boats, meat for their people and their dogs, strong thongs to harness their dogs to the sledges, bone for knives and needles and many more things too numerous to mention, you are not surprised that the Eskimo is very fond of his good friend the walrus.

In winter, the Eskimo live in igloos or dome-shaped houses made from blocks of snow. The door into these houses is very small and generally has a long passage leading up to it, along which you have to crawl if you want to get in. In these houses are raised platforms, also of snow, which covered with sealskins, fox skins and bear skins, make very cosy beds. Often a number of igloos will be joined together by the snow passages, one of the larger rooms being used as a kitchen, the rest as sleeping rooms. In the coldest part of winter, the boys and girls may safely climb all over the tops of the houses, but when the short summer is coming on and the snow gets soft, lots of scolding has to be done to keep frisky lads and lasses off the roof. In spite of all this, sometimes, I am told, a luckless chap will come down —crash—through the kitchen roof, bringing down with him an avalanche of snow, and perhaps a couple of dogs on top of everything and everyone.

The Eskimo live mostly on raw meat, flesh of seal and other animals. In fact that is what their name means, 'raw meat eaters.' That does not sound nice to us, but really it shows the very wonderful way in which God has provided for these people who live where it would be very hard to get the wood needed to cook their food, if they had to do so.

Their clothing seems almost the oddest thing about these strange people—all made of skins, and often edged handsomely with soft fur as a trimming. It is cut out with a bone knife, sewn with a bone needle and fine strips of skin, then, to make it soft, the women chew the inside of the entire suit. A long skin coat, a pair of leggings and boots of seal skin, fur hood and mittens, all help to keep out the severe cold. In the worst part of winter they wear two full suits of fur, one with the soft side in, the other with the soft side out. Women and men dress much alike, but the women have an extra fur hood or sack in which the baby may be carried.

From the time they are very small, the Eskimo boy and girl learn to go on the water in very curious boats, made of walrus hide stretched over a frame made of wood or whalebone. The man's boat or kayah holds only one, is covered in at the top, all but the opening to let the owner sit in. When once in, he laces his oilskin coat (made from the inner skin of the seal) down over the opening, and then even if he gets upset by a walrus or in any other way, not a drop of water gets in. If he is clever, he often can turn a somersault in the water, boat and all. I don't think any of us could beat that, do you?

A good many of the Eskimo live along the coast of Labrador, where Dr. Grenfell spends so much of his time. Generally now they live in little villages near some good Moravian missionary, who teaches them all about the Father in Heaven who loves them and wants them to love Him.

While Dr. Grenfell is sailing up and down the coast to help the poor fishermen, he goes to these Eskimo villages, too, and always doctors any who may be sick, or takes them away to the hospital with him, so that they, as well as the fishermen, are glad to see the 'Strathcona' and count the hospital people among their best friends. Who knows but what some day or other, they will put into that cot we are going to have in one of the mission hospitals which Dr. Grenfell has built, a very sick little Eskimo boy or girl? And as the child finds his pain growing less, and strength coming back, don't you think his smiles of happiness will show how glad he is that in the homes of those children far away some loving little hearts sent

their gifts to help him in his time of trouble.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me' —you know who said that, don't you? Who is going to send us the next gift towards the 'Messenger' cot, in one of the Labrador hospitals? Send the money to this office, by money order or registered letter; or, if less than fifty cents, two cent stamps will do. Tell us plainly it is for the 'Messenger' cot and we will acknowledge your gift on the 'Correspondence Page.' Never mind if it's only a little, that you can send. Every little helps, and there is a wise old Latin proverb that says, 'He gives twice who gives quickly.'

Number One.

(Sydney Dayre, in 'New York Observer.')

'Let's keep at the head,' said James to his Cousin Paul. 'Then we can crowd in and get the best seats.'

'I'm afraid we're too late to get very good ones,' said Paul.

'Yes, all because we had to wait for Fan and Laura. If I could have had my way I would have come on long ago.'

'Then they couldn't have joined the party,' said Paul. 'You would have been sorry for that.'

James did not trouble himself to say whether or no his sorrow would have been very deep.

Reaching the hall in which the entertainment was to be given, they found, as had been feared, that it was already full. There was little outlook for seats for a party of eight.

'A few seats off at this side,' said an usher.

'I look out for number one,' said James, as he joined in a scramble made for them by two or three young people who had closely followed their party. Contriving, as was usual with him, to be the first, he was soon crowded against the wall, to realize with great vexation that he had scarcely any view of the stage. But this he concluded was better than no seat at all.

'Why didn't you hurry along with me?' he said in a loud whisper to Paul as the latter stood near Uncle Harmon, who was escorting the party. 'There,' he continued, 'they'll probably have to stand up the whole time just because Uncle Harmon didn't crowd in and get seats.'

But just then he saw that the ushers were carrying chairs to the front. Again Uncle Harmon did not crowd his way, but waited to take his chances with twenty or thirty others. And Paul, 'that stupid blockhead of a Paul,' James mentally styled him as he watched, gave way to others until every seat was occupied.

'They've got the best seats in the house,' growled James to himself. 'I wish I'd stayed with the others.'

Paul stood for most of the evening, for the remainder of the time poising himself on the edge of a seat. But he enjoyed everything with the enjoyment which belongs with a heart free from selfishness, and thus able heartily to rejoice in the happiness of others. His time was divided between the stage and in exchanging smiles of sympathetic delight in what was going on with his well-seated cousins.

'It's been a tip-top, number one show, hasn't it?' he cried with a beaming face as he rejoined James.

'Humph! There hasn't been much number one in it for me,' was the growling answer.

Miss Daisy.

(Helen M. Richardson, in 'The Presbyterian.')

Miss Daisy shook out her new bonnet of white,
And fastened it on with a sigh of delight;
Then turning her face to the good-natured sun
She nodded: 'I'm ready for frolic and fun.'
The wind kissed her gently, and murmured, 'How sweet!'
The grass waved a welcome, and clung to her feet;
While close to her heart of gold Miss Honeybee
Presented her bill for an afternoon tea.
When night came, the dewdrops crept down to her face
And nestled so softly each in its own place.
And fireflies with lanterns, and star maidens bright,
Watched over Miss Daisy all through the dark night.

The Baby Bird.

(By Eva Kinney Griffith, in 'Crusader Monthly.')

It was such a queer little noise that wakened Frankie from his nap one bright sunny morning in June. The sun was shining in at the east window, making a broad square of yellow on the bare floor, and outside he could hear the humming of the bees in the sweet brier blossoms that grew under his window. But what was that noise that he had heard right up in his room? He listened a moment. 'Cher-r-up! Cher-r-up!'

There it was again! Opening wide his blue eyes and lifting his curly head from the pillow he looked to see what in the world it could be. At first he saw nothing. 'Cher-r-up! Cher-r-up!' it went again; and casting his eyes downward, he discovered a baby martin bird on the floor in the middle of that square of sunshine, while outside his window the mother bird was crying and fluttering about.

Frankie jumped out of bed and went to the little bird, picked it up and carried it downstairs to his mother. She told him that there was a nest of martin birds nearly over his window, under the roof in the cornice, and that probably the old birds had been teaching the young ones to fly. This one, becoming frightened, had flown into his room.

As soon as Frankie was dressed his mother put the bird into a basket and hung it out of his window. Here the old birds soon came and showed great joy to find their baby unhurt. They brought worms and fed the bird there for two days, and Frankie often sat in his window and watched them put the worms into its open mouth. After a while it grew strong enough to fly back to its nest, and by and by it flew away with the old birds on a long journey.

It seemed so happy in the nest that Frankie was glad he had given it back to them instead of shutting it up in a cage, as he might have done.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 11.

The Message of the Risen Christ.

Rev. i., 10-20.

Golden Text.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore. Rev. i., 18.

Commit verses 17, 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 5.—Rev. i., 10-20.
Tuesday, June 6.—Ezek. i., 22-28.
Wednesday, June 7.—Dan. vii., 9-18.
Thursday, June 8.—Dan. x., 5-15.
Friday, June 9.—Mark ix., 1-10.
Saturday, June 10.—Rev. ii., 1-11.
Sunday, June 11.—Rev. iii., 11-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Book of Revelation is the clasp of the whole volume— a clasp made of gold from the street of the New Jerusalem, studded with jewels from its walls, and graven with the mystic emblems of beasts and elders. The position it holds in the sacred canon is evidently the very one Inspiration designed it should occupy. The last book corresponds to the first with its paradise, tree, and river. And the beatitude upon the reader is not for the one who peruses Revelation only, but the whole volume. The curse upon the one who adds to or detracts from refers not to the Apocalypse alone, but to the entire Scripture. Thus Revelation binds the volume together.

The place of its composition was previously so obscure that the writer must needs inform the earliest readers that Patmos is an island. But ever since the Aegean rock which served the last seer as a watch-tower from which to view the double panorama, celestial and terrestial, has been covered with a 'solemn glory.' The person of the composer, too, has a fascinating charm. 'The Thunderer,' and yet 'the beloved disciple;' the last link between the apostolic and post-apostolic age; all his associates in the college of the apostles dead, and that, too, by violence; he, in age and feebleness extreme, an exile by the cruelty of Domitian, possibly a common laborer in the quarry—such a one on the Lord's-day, caught up into the Lord's presence in the third heaven, and not, like Paul, reticent as to what he saw, but 'forcing and torturing language to express his colossal conceptions in the grandest and most energetic forms.'

The Christophany of course, eclipsed all the rest of the book, crowded though it is with dazzling wonders. John taxes human language to the uttermost in his attempted portraiture of the glorified person of Jesus Christ. He lays color to color, adds jewel to jewel. He affects not the beautiful, but the ineffably glorious. Never did painter, whether with pigment or word, have such a study. The Lord of life and glory deigns to give his disciple 'a sitting.' The Christophany was mercifully gradual. Mortal eye could not have supported it had it been instantaneous. It was announced by a trumpet-voice, the greatness and unearthliness of which prepared the revelator for something supernatural; a voice that charged him to be as alert as a modern stenographer in taking down what he saw and heard. When he turned to look his eyes were further schooled to splendor by seeing only certain subsidiary objects. The seven golden lampstands all ablaze was a goodly enough sight in itself. They represent the vehicle through which God shines—his churches; golden, to show he prizes them; separate, to suggest their autonomy; seven of them, to represent the whole Church. The eye of rapt exile passes slowly from the shining candelabra to the more than regal form, the glorified person of Jesus Christ as it gradually materializes. Even here the apostle passes from the accessary to the principal, from the clothing to the person. You have seen the gown woven out of spun glass. This glorious sacerdotal robe was woven out of sunbeams. Not, as on Hermon's sacred height, for a moment, but for ever his raiment continues white as the light. The regal golden girdle high above his breast 'braces the frame together and symbolizes collected powers.' The girdle also so placed disposes the garment for 'calm, majestic movement.' Like Aaron's robe and girdle, these, too, are 'for glory and beauty.'

And now John dares glance at Jesus' brow. He admires the coronal glory. Any modern electrical display would fade before it, as the stars do when the sun rises. It is a dazzling silvery whiteness, as white fleece, sparkling as the snow does when the sun sets its myriad tiny stars ablaze. The large and lustrous eyes are all aflame, not in wrath, but with Divine genius. His bare feet fairly gleam like metal at white heat. And his voice resounds like the multitudinous waves even then pounding on the rock-girt isle. In the palm of his outstretched hand lies a chaplet of seven stars—signifying that each Church and the whole Church is in his keeping. Whedon suggests that the sword from the mouth is 'not a stiff, steel fixture, but his Divine and powerful breath making itself, as it were, visible.' The 'tout ensemble' is as the sun in the meridian, unobscured by mist or cloud.

But the glorfied person of the monarch of heaven, earth, and hell, now fully developed, was of insufferable majesty. As nearly sixty years before, on the Mount of Transfiguration, so again, John falls like one dead. But the majestic figure bends over the benumbed disciple, and the gentle voice he was wont to hear beside the sea calls him back to consciousness with its familiar cadence, 'Fear not!' and its identification of himself with the Messiah, and the affirmation of his eternity and his sovereignty over death and the underworld. Directions follow as to the immediate record of the things seen and heard, and explanations of the symbolism of the stars and lamp-stands.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Prepared message always comes to prepared person. It was no accident that this man had this vision. By a long course of schooling, to which he submitted intelligently, he became singularly open to the Divine.

By the same process he was prepared to transmit what he received. He proved a faithful witness.

Revelation is the normal end of the New Testament. Gospels are a fourfold biography of Jesus. Acts is the photograph of the Apostolic Church. Epistles are the indoctrination of that Church. Revelation opens the vista of the future: pictures Jesus triumphant. Thus, in spite of its composite authorship and variant form, the New Testament keeps its unity.

The Apocalypse has been aptly called a 'tract for bad times.' It was written in an age of persecution and impending cataclysms. Its purpose was to assure foreboding minds of ultimate victory in spite of current contradictions. Some have hesitated to believe that the author of Revelation and the Gospel and the Epistles of John can be one and the same person. The latter are in pure Greek, while the former is Hebraized. It has been aptly suggested that in Revelation John returns to the style of his youth before it became softened by Greek culture. It is also in perhaps unconscious imitation of the style of the prophets.

As a piece of literature, Revelation has a unique beauty and value, and has been highly praised. 'The last book of grace.'—Gregory. 'It has as many mysteries as words; all praise falls short of its merits.'—Jerome. Viewed as a work of descriptive art, it is congruous and aesthetically magnificent.—Whedon. This book belongs peculiarly to those who are under the cross. It was given to a banished man, and men in affliction understand and relish it.—Wesley.

Given to the world at such a time, it must have attracted attention. It was written by the sole survivor of the apostles, and sketched the programme for the Church at the very moment when the Church was bitterly in need of something definite and authoritative.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

In the Spirit: Transported out of every-day consciousness and placed in the condition of prophetic ecstasy.—Lange. Caught into a state of ecstasy capable of receiving revelations.—Pulpit Com. Lord's-day: Our Sabbaths should be islands of light and joy in God's presence.—Beecher. Term used here for first time.—Camb. Bib. Heard behind me: Represents utter unexpectedness and surprisingness of the Divine voice.—Lange. Alpha and Omega: A and Z, and, of course, all the letters between.—Holmes. Write into a book: Twelve times St. John reminds us that he writes this book by Divine command.—Pulpit Com. Ephesus, Smyrna, etc.; Seven cities enumerated in the order in which a traveller on a circuit would visit them.—Camb. Bib. Seven candlesticks (lamp-stands): First things seen, for whole Apocalypse treats of the future of the kingdom of God as represented by the Churches.—Lange. Son of man: Saw a human being.—Bamb. Bib. A garment to foot: A cloak of dignity.—Ibid. His hairs: Since that, according to Oriental ideas, was the especial representative of his dignity.—Lange. Out of his mouth: Symbolically pregnant. Expressive of the fact that Christ overcame the world with his Word as with a two-edged sword.—Ibid. This description of the glorified Lord sublime as a purely mental conception, but intolerable if we were to give it an outward form.—Trench.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 11.—Topic—Not ashamed of the Gospel. Rom. i., 13-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW AN ANIMAL TALKED TO A PROPHET.

Monday, June 5.—Messengers sent to Balaam. Num. xxii., 1-8.

Tuesday, June 6.—Balaam forbidden to go. Num. xxii., 9-14.

Wednesday, June 7.—They send again. Num. xxii., 15-21.

Thursday, June 8.—The angel in the way. Num. xxii., 22-27.

Friday, June 9.—Peter's thought about it. II. Pet. ii., 15, 16.

Saturday, June 10.—God's care for animals. Ps. civ., 14-27.

Sunday, June 11.—Topic—How an animal talked to a prophet. Num. xxii., 28-33. (Band of Mercy Meeting.)

The Best Teaching.

The best teaching is not that which tries to teach all that can possibly be found in or drawn from the lesson, but that which carefully selects a few important and timely truths and applications, and fixes them so indelibly on the minds and hearts of the pupils that they will never be forgotten. To help toward this these suggestions are offered: 1. Know before you begin your lesson precisely what you will teach. 2. Prepare all your questions, facts, illustrations and applications so as to fix the truths you have selected. 3. Spend the last moments of your time in testing the knowledge of the class to make sure that they really know what you have taught, impressing again the points for the day. 4. Spend the opening moments on the following Sunday in recalling again the teaching of the last lesson. 5. At the end of each month go back over the month's lessons, caring to recall only the points especially impressed on the several Sundays. 6. Let the quarterly review be, not a general examination on all the facts and lessons of the three months, but again a recalling only of the selected teaching of the twelve Sundays. The adoption of this course will insure concentration and repetition, resulting in the firm fixing of the central and most important teachings of each lesson on the minds and hearts of the scholars.—'Westminster Teacher.'

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Correspondence

Thurso, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My Auntie read the letters in the 'Messenger' to me yesterday, and I thought I would like a letter, too. I go to Sunday-school all the year round. I cannot write myself, but I can print, and I have nearly read through the First Book. I live with my grandpa in the country. I have two brothers and a twin sister. Dods and I will be seven years old on May 28. My dog's name is Bruce, and my pet kitty's name is Snowball. I have twelve dear little chickens just four days old. I am sending five two-cent stamps to help pay for the cot in Dr. Grenfell's hospital. I like the stories in the 'Messenger' very much. My aunt reads them to me on Sunday afternoon. I will be watching the 'Messenger' to see if my letter is in it.

ERNEST B. (age 6).

Aultsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a postal note for 50c., to be used for the Labrador Hospital Cot. I am a litle boy five years old.

DWIGHT N.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—One day last winter we had a very enjoyable time. We had a tobogganing and skiing picnic. There were twenty-five people there. The best part of it was to see the ones that had never been on skis before; they would have so many tumbles. The tobogganing was a lot of fun, too. We had seven pairs of skis, four toboggans, and two sleighs. One toboggan was of great size; six could get on, and they would have a spill sometimes, and scatter all around. One hill was so high and steep that it seemed as if I lost my breath at the top, and didn't get it till I got to the bottom. After a while we had our lunch, and we used the skis for seats, and the toboggans for tables. We had a fire of wood, and we made the tea of melted snow, which did not taste badly. We had a new kind of ice-cream which was delicious. We ate snow with cream and sugar, and vanilla. Try it next winter, and see if it doesn't taste good. It may seem rather late to tell about this now, but perhaps it will make the warm weather seem cooler.

GRACE Y. (age 10).

(Only be sure the snow is very clean.—Ed. Cor.)

Ceylon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think you suggested a good plan, as there are so many children as well as grown people that have to go to the hospital. My sister has been in the Owen Sound Hospital twice, and I had a brother who went under seven operations, two in Port Arthur and five in the Toronto Orthopedic Hospital, all inside of four years. He died on March 11 in Toronto, then father went down and brought him home, and we buried him beside his mother in Flesherton. I have a cousin who had to go to Toronto Hospital too last summer. I will give twenty-five cents towards the 'Messenger' cot. We have no little lambs yet, but most of the people have; one man has thirty of them. I am going to school nearly every day. Our teacher's name is Miss S. We like her very much. I am not going to try the entrance examination this year. Our Sunday-school has not started yet, but I hope it will soon. Our superintendent's name is Mr. L., and my teacher's name is Mrs. I.

PEARL RUBY LUCY S. (age 11).

East Mapleton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters older than I, and two younger. My eldest sisters teach school. My brother went out West on the harvest excursion. It is a very pretty place here in the summer, but we have a lot of snow in winter. In the spring my papa and brothers make maple sugar. My papa keeps three horses, their names being Harry, Maud and Fay. For pets I have two dogs named Dike and Rex, and two cats named Topsy and Nigger; also a number of pigeons and a canary, but the canary does not sing, as we caught it wild in the field. I am very fond of reading, and among the books I have read are 'Nellie's Memories,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Adventures of a Brownie,' and many others. In one number of the 'Messenger' Stuart C. asked in his letter if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' knew the longest and the shortest verse in the Bible. The longest is found in Esther viii., 9. The shortest in John xi., 35.

FLORENCE A. S. (age 11).

Suthwyn, Man.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I think it a very nice paper for little boys and girls. Grandpa has taken the 'Witness' ever since it was published. I am nine years old, and go to school every day, even when it is forty below zero. The school is over two miles from home. I am in the junior third reader. Besides reading, I study arithmetic, composition, music, geography, drawing and spelling. Each day we have no mistakes in spelling we get a star, and who earns a hundred stars when the holidays start gets a prize from our teacher. I went down to Ontario with mother to see grandma and grandpa and spend Christmas with them. I had a very nice time, too.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Bird and Tree.' Pupil.
2. 'Canadian Moose.' William A. Duncan (13) L. S., N.B.
3. 'Butterfly.' Frances Wilmot (9), G., Ont.
4. 'Horse.' William Jas. H. (16).
5. 'Partridge.' Albert Smith, South March, Ont.
6. 'Kangaroo.' Elwin Gillander (12), Lemesurier, Que.
7. 'A Happy Family.' Mary E. Scafe (13), S., Ont.
8. 'Cow.' Russel L. (10).
9. 'Bunny.' Lyla Currie.
10. 'Donkey.' Mary Close (11), S.
11. 'Pig.' Harvey Clemens (7), Blair, Ont.
12. 'Goosey, Goosey Gander.' Isabel Campbell, Minesing, Ont.
13. 'Butterflies.' Ruby Cain (12), S., Ont.

We live ten miles east of Winnipeg. We have six horses and eight cows. All sorts of wild fruits grow on our farm, such as strawberries, raspberries, dewberries, saskatoon, red and black cherries, cranberries and plums.

IVY M.

Strathlorne, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister Annie gets the 'Messenger,' and we are all sure that it is a lovely paper, and we would be quite lonesome without it. Our strath looks very beautiful in spring. We have quite a lot of apples trees, and they yield a lot of apples, too. The orchard man says that the place we have them is grand. Last autumn was not so brilliantly colored as in some previous years; but it was pretty, all the same. Now, I will try to give you a short description of our Strath. First, there is a good number of houses, two general stores, one church (Presbyterian), of which my father is the minister. There is a sawmill a mile or two away, and a store, too; nearly every house has a farm and a river running in the centre of it. This brings good hay. People have felt this winter very hard, as the hay crop was not very good. There is a little town four miles from here called Inverness, and it has a number of stores. I am a great reader. I have read:—'Four Girls at Chautaqua,' 'The Chautaqua Girls at Home,' 'Maggie and Bessie,' 'Bessie at School,' 'The Man from Glengarry,' 'Glengarry Schooldays,' 'Black Rock,' 'Les Miserables,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' and others. I do not keep pets, but I am very fond of our horse, whose name is 'Prince.' He is seventeen years old, and is pretty good yet. I take my sisters and my little brother out for drives in the summer. Two of my sisters are taking music lessons now besides myself.

AUGUSTA McB.

Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you to tell you a little about our Sower's Band. We are helping the Seniors to fill a bale for the North-West, where my uncle is a missionary. He is more than a thousand miles beyond Edmonton, and he has a school for Indian children. There are about thirty of us in all, out of which there are about eight boys. This year we made two quilts. We expect to finish dressing about ten dolls, and are making a few work-bags and aprons. We have two prayers in our Sower's Band, and we say them every day. The meetings are held every two weeks here at the rectory. My mother and some of the young ladies superintend it. I hope you will like to hear about us.

CARRIE E. M.

P.S.—The boys make scrap-books and sew carpet-rags.—C. E. M.

[We are glad to hear of this Band, and hope others will write about their Mission Bands. Did any of you ever think of painting the pictures on the correspondence page and cutting them out for your scrap books?—Cor. Ed.]

Winona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and I like to read it very much. I read all of the letters, and I like Gladys J.'s the best. I live about a half-mile from the lake, which is very pretty in the summer time. I like to go fishing summer evenings, for it so cool and nice, and I like to wade out in the water. It is very pretty to see the sun rise or set on the water, for in the morning the water looks like gold and at night the water looks as if it were all in flames. The lake is very pretty now, because the ice-banks are so large, and it is great sport to sleigh-ride down these. The fruit trees look very pretty in the spring, when they come out in bloom, especially the peach trees. There is a nice lawn in front of our house, and it is very nice to play games in. I have read a great many books, among which are: 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Sister Rose,' 'The Young Nile Voyagers,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' 'Tom Brown's School Days,' 'Faith Gartney's Girlhood,' 'Melbourne House,' and 'Daisy.'

E. H. T. (age 11).

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Previously acknowledged, $13.13; Mrs. Benj. Ching, $2; Mrs. J. L., Brown's Corner, $2; Olive V. Robson, 10c; Little Brother and Sister, 20c; Jno. D. McPherson, 25c; Grace Chappell, $1; Mary R. Shipley, 10c; Katie Trottman, 25c; Martha Trottman, 25c; Nellie Watson, 25c; E. Clare Anthony, $1; H. Isabel McKenzie, $1; D. Lloyd Millar, 50c; Irwin Beck, 10c; C. Bessie McKay, 8c; Florence B. Johnston, 25c; G. Snay, 25c; Grant, Jean and Mary Fowler, 30c; Gracie Swan, 25c; Calvin A. Swan, 50c; Jas. Swan, 50c; 'Busy Workers' Mission Band, Cleveland, C.B., $1.15; Mrs. Alex. Macfarlane, 25c; Jessie E. Little, 20c; Roy and Lloyd, 30c; Mary and Frank Lindsay, 10c; Christina Gilchrist, 10c; A Subscriber, 25c; total, $26.61.

Don't forget the cot we are subscribing for in one of Dr. Grenfell's hospitals, but send in your contributions right away, if you can.—Cor. Ed.

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Temperance

The Sister's Petition.

(Alice G. Lee.)

'Look not upon the wine when it is red.'

Thou art the last to whom my hopes can cling,
The only being on this drear wide earth,
To whom my sorrows and my joys can bring
Kind thoughts, for the lone heart that gave them birth.
I have none else to love, none else to pray
'God speed me' on my solitary way.

Thou can'st not know the yearning tenderness
That my full soul had nursed so long for thee;
Its restless watchings and its deep excess
Within man's heart can never, never be.
Yet thou dost love me, by that earnest eye
Which looks into my own so mournfully.

Believe me, brother, that to save thee pain
Great danger I would brave, deep pangs endure,
Ay, if by death thy safety I could gain,
Thy life and happiness should be secure.
So if I grieve thee, bear with me I pray;
It is thy good that I would seek alway.

The eager, watchful love that reads each look,
That marks each change of sad or playful mood,
Hath read thy face as 'twere an open book,
And noticed changes boding little good,
Thy mind, no longer peaceful and serene,
Hath furrowed thy young brow and changed thy mien.

For thou at times desponding and depressed,
Some crushing sorrow seems to weigh thee down,
Thy pleasant laugh will be for days at rest,
Thy brow will wear a deep and angry frown,—
Another, wilder mood hath vexed my soul.
With sad forebodings I might not control.

Nay, do not turn from me! my brother, stay;
For I am strong to speak. Through many a night
I've watched in sleepless anguish for the day,
Praying for strength to plead with thee aright.
And till this moment, think thee—hast thou heard
From lips of mine one harsh, complaining word?

It is not for myself I bid thee burst
The chain whose charmed links have bound so long,
These fearful thoughts were all in silence nursed,
And I have learned to 'suffer and be strong.'
To labor for thee I should be too blest,
If by my toil these pangs could be at rest.

It is that thou art wasting, by excess,
The noble intellect unto thee given,
And that I fear unless thou canst repress
This fearful thirst, it may be from thee riven;
Leaving a wreck of what was once so fair—
Nor for myself I bid thee now beware.

Think, oh, my brother! of the happy years
We passed together in our childhood's home;
Think of the struggling sobs, the bitter tears,
With which we left it through the world to roam;
And the last watch, in mournful silence kept,
Beside the grave where both our parents slept.

Then by the memory of that holy eve,
When we together breathed forth this prayer,
That though it was our lot on earth to grieve,
That sorrow we might still in kindness share;
Ay, by the promise to our parents given,
That we might strive to meet them in yon heaven.

I pray thee pause, whenever thou wouldst drain
With thoughtless, eager haste the flashing wine,
And let this vow thy trembling hand restrain,
For it it written in the book divine:
'The drunkard may not hope to enter in
The city where there dwells no grief nor sin.'

The Children of Drinkers.

A distinguished specialist in children's diseases has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate one during a period of twelve years, with the result that he found that the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were acountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against five on the other side. The latter deaths were from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks or oedema of the brain and membranes. To this cheerful record is added five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth as to be really dwarfs; five when older became epileptics; one, a boy, had grave chores, ending in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed, and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten, therefore, of this fifty-seven only showed during life normal disposition and development of body and mind. On the part of the temperates, as before stated, five died in the first weeks of weakness, while four in later years of childhood had curable nervous diseases. Two only showed inherited nervous defects. Thus, fifty were normal, in every way sound in body and mind.—'American Practitioner and News.'

Three Little Shirts.

A TRUE STORY.

'Boys, did your mother buy you any winter flannels before she died?'

These words were addressed to three little lads, half-starved, cold and motherless, as they lay crouched down in one corner of a bare and fireless room, which was all they could call home.

Their mother, a hard-working woman, had been obliged to support husband and children through most of her married life by scrubbing floors and cleaning offices.

One day, exhausted from the long strain, she dropped dead at her post.

The doctor said 'heart trouble'—and heart troubue indeed it was.

And now the humble home was made more humble each day by the disappearance of what little household goods it contained—to purchase—what?

The necessities of life?

No, to buy liquor for one who was now utterly unworthy of the title of father, so completely had rum transformed him into a brute.

Scarcely two weeks had elapsed since the mother had passed away, when the above question was asked.

The little lads, shivering and trembling, replied: 'Yes, she bought us each a warm shirt before she died.'

'Give them to me at once!' he cried, and three little shirts were taken off and handed to him.

Right to the saloon went father and shirts, the latter to be changed into rum to satisfy the thirst of the former.

The boys cried out from cold and hunger, but no father came to their help. Neighbors, however, responded, and soon the wretch was found, arrested, sentenced and condemned, and the boys placed in a home, where it is hoped some kind heart will love and pity them.

Does this sound like fiction? It is truth, and the bare room was in the tenement district of New York City.

Bishop, Mayor, Alderman, voter, will you take the shirts from innocent helpless boys, boys who some day, with pleasant home surroundings, might find a place among the honorable and mighty?

Will you cause poor, overworked mothers to sink under their heavy load?

Will you turn home into a place of misery and married life into wretchedness?—then license, extol, endorse, commend the saloon.

How long must the innocent and helpless suffer?

Just as long as Christian men license and sanction the saloon and not till this is outlawed can we hope to see a brighter day dawn. —'National Advocate.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Life.

'Tis not for man to trifle; Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of the leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we;
One—only one!
How sacred then that life should be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Pass it On.

'You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you.' And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her and she forgot all the care in that moment, says a [illegible]ge. And, forgetting all, she sang [illegible]d the dishes, and sang as she m[illegible] and the song was heard next door, [illegible]man there caught the refrain, and sang [illegible]o, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story, the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man, hearing it, thought, Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she then thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home, with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So because he kissed her, and praised her, the song came, and the influence went out and out. Pass on the praise.

A word, and you make a rift in the cloud; smile, and you may create a new resolve; a grasp of the hand, and you may re-possess a soul from hell. Pass on the praise.

Does our clerk do well? Pass on the praise. Tell him that you are pleased, and he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again; thus, you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call, 'Mother.' Don't plead, 'Hear me, mother; you were a good mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me.'

Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embraces you now wish to give.

Pass on the praise to-day—Argenta 'Hustler.'

More Suggestions for Stains.

Fruit Stains.—Stretch the fabric containing the stain over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water on the stain. In cold weather fruit spots can frequently be removed by just hanging the stained garments out of doors over night. If the stain has been fixed by time, soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid, or hold the spot over sulphur.

Hot Tea and Coffee Stains.—These may be treated like fruit stains, or soak the fabric in cold water; wring, spread out, and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let it stand several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Grease Spots.—Hot water and soap general-

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ly remove these. If fixed by long standing use ether, chloroform, or naptha. All three of these must be used away from either fire or artificial light.

Pitch, Wheel Grease, Tar Stains.—Soften the stains with lard; then soak in turpentine; scrape off carefully with a knife all the loose surface dirt; sponge clean with turpentine, and rub gently till dry.

Varnish and Paint.—If the stain is on a coarse fabric dissolve by saturating with turpentine. Sponge with chloroform if a dark ring is left by the turpentine. Be very cautious not to use either the chloroform or turpentine where there is either fire or artificial light.

Removal of Soot Marks.—When soot falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with nicely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly, so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left. For soot stains on garments, rub the spots with dry meal before sending the clothes to the wash.

To Remove Ink Stains from Carpets.—Soak up at once with blotting paper, and saturate the part with milk—skim milk, if possible. Wipe it off as soon as discolored, and rub with clean milk until the stain has disappeared. Then sponge with warm soap suds and rub dry.

Ink Stains.—Soak in sour milk. If a dark stain remains rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime. Sweet milk is also effective if used at once. Rubbing with table salt will also help. Weak eau de javelle is good too, and handy.

Mildew.—Soak in weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap..

Iron Rust.—Soak the stain thoroughly with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Scorch Stains.—Wet the scorched lace, rub with soap, bleach in the sun.

Paint the Screens.

The ordinary window-screen offers no protection from prying eyes, but the wire netting can be easily made to serve the purpose of a real screen as well as a protection from flies and other insects. This is accomplished by giving the outside of all screens a coat of thin white paint. Strange as it may seem, the paint will not be noticeable and while those inside the house may look through the screen the same as ever, outsiders cannot look into the room. The paint should be thinned with turpentine and applied with a broad, flat brush. If the paint is sufficiently thin and the work carefully done, it will not have the 'daubed' appearance one sees in so much home painting. —'Woman's Home Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Tomato and Lettuce Salad.—Peel four large tomatoes. The easiest way is to pour boiling water over them and skin them as they wrinkle; but if you do this you must drain off all the water afterward and let them stand on the ice till they are firm again. Wash the lettuce and gently pat it dry with a clean cloth. Slice the tomatoes thin and pour off all the juice; arrange a few nice lettuce leaves on each plate and lay four slices of tomato on them and pour dressing over all. Or, arrange the lettuce and tomatoes in a salad bowl and pour the dressing over.

Baked Asparagus.—To bake asparagus, cut the tender ends of the stalks into inch-long pieces and cook them about fifteen minutes. Drain them and save the water in which they cooked for the soup kettle. Arrange the asparagus in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish with fine bread crumbs, bits of butter, salt and pepper, and dice-shaped pieces of hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle the top of the dish with buttered crumbs and take twenty-five minutes. Send to the table in the baking-dish. Individual ramekins may be used instead of a large dish.

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